THE OREAD.

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THE OREAD.

MOUNT CARROLL, ILLINOIS.

JANUARY, 1869.

With the opening of the New Year, we issue the first number of the Oread. It will be a sheet of sixteen pages, published monthly, under the direction of the members of the Oread Society, and its columns will be open to contributions not only from the present class of students, but from such of the former pupils as may choose to communicate with us. While our prominent design is the intellectual improvement of the pupils, our aim shall also be to furnish profitable and entertaining reading matter for all.

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THE OREADS' SONG.

Diana's silver light
Lends beauty to the night,—
Apollo gone:—
The Planets in her train,
Their borrowed light retain,
And though the Moon may wane,
They still shine on.

Such would we Oreads be,—
From wane and changes free,
Still shining on.
To greater lights we yield,
Outshone or quite concealed,
We will not quit the field
When they are gone.

O'er mountain tops we rove,
And through each peopled grove,
Where nature sings.
The warblers lead our song,
While we their strains prolong;
In echoes sweet and strong,
The welkin rings. K.

"Aunt Em's" Experiences.

"The boy has thrown the paper on that wet piazza, Carrie. Had you not better bring it in?"

"It is as wet as it can be," exclaimed Carrie with some impatience," and I shall have to wait until it dries, before I can read the story."

"Put it on a chair by the fire, and it will dry very quickly—before you have finished your darning I presume," replied her aunt.

"O, there is no hurry about the darning; if the basket is empty on Saturday evening, mother is too thankful to care when I do it, or how long it takes me.

Then you are helping me so much, Aunt Em, that I cant afford to read."

"What is the subject of the story this week?" asked Aunt Em."

"Three old maids!" said Carrie laughing, and laying the damp paper over the back of a chair. "Three! I should think *one* would be sufficient. Three must be an overdose. What makes you look so sober, Aunt Em?"

"I was thinking of your remark. What is an 'old maid,' Carrie?"

"An old maid! I had a composition on that subject once upon a time, so feel thoroughly posted;" and Carrie resumed her mending and commenced her description.

"An old maid," she said, "is, according to Natural History, of the genus, felis (only in *disposition*, auntie, so don't look cross.) She is not young, nor is she ever old—always twenty-five, 'Family Bible Record' 'to the contrary notwithstanding.' She is tall, or, to use a familiar quotation, 'linked *sourness* long drawn out, scolding, locks as long and thick as Xantippe's (I believe she was what they call *advanced*, when Socrates married her); side-curls and beau-catchers (nil desperandum is their motto); cheeks sadly in need of plumpers, and skin, but I don't know what color that would have were it not for lily-white. So much for personal appearance.

Please hand me the ball of cotten, auntie. An old maid is devoted to cats (fellow-feeling); green tea, hot and strong and clear; snuff, and ministers (the kind who are always looking sweet, and who have a chronic affection for the 'sisters 'in the church—unmarried and unengaged clergy preferred.')

"O, what a fearful hole! This stocking is, really, not worth mending.

"Now for an old maid's dis-

likes. She does not like young girls and beaux and babies and love-stories and moonlight walks and rides; or, rather, she considers them all highly improper.

"She would not get married for all the world; and will not read the list of deaths in a newspaper, because that of marriages is printed just above it. She talks a great deal about single-blessedness; as if she could make any one believe there was a single bit of blessedness in her life.

"I'm tired, auntie. Isn't that enough?"

"I think so" was the quiet reply.

"Why don't you laugh, Aunt Em? The girls at school thought that was a capital composition. It is provoking to say anything that you mean to be very funny, and that you expect people to laugh at, and not have any one laugh."

"But your description is not a general one, Carrie. You have described an exceptional case; and I very much doubt your having seen this exception—the original of your picture."

"To be sure, I've seen old maids," persisted Carrie, rather vexed that her aunt should take such a practical view of the subject.

Let me illustrate my meaning by giving you a description of a young lady.

Carrie now became very deeply interested in her work, and pushed the darning needle in, and drew it out so forcibly, that the holes grew larger instead of smaller, and the yarn broke,—all adding to her inward vexation. But very calmly "Aunt Em." went on with her work and her description of a young lady, which was as follows:

"A young lady is, according to Natural History, of the genus bradypus (only as regards work or anything useful, Carrie, so don't look cross); age somewhere between fourteen and twenty-five, after which they become old maids, unless they marry, which they are exceedingly anxious to do. I infer this from the tenor of their conversation which is mainly on beaux and who is a good catch, and for whom they will set their caps; and also from the horror which they have of unmarried ladies, or 'old maids.'

"If a young lady's cheeks needs plumpers, she wears them; if her complexion needs lily-white, she uses it; if she has not a sufficiently imposing waterfall or coil, she buys one, and curls her scolding locks with a slate pencil. This for personal appearance.

"A young lady likes tender-eyed poodles, ices, novels, and gentlemen, particularly such as illustrate the Darwinian theory of development. They must be gentlemen of wealth and fashion, for

'Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
And Mammon wins his way where seraphs might despair!'

"She dislikes old maids, perhaps because they seek to give her the benefit of their own observation and experience; but it may be because in them, she sees her possible future self; she dislikes babies when obliged to care for them, but if little Willie should chance to come into the parlor with face, dress and apron clean, both shoes on, &c., and Mr. Hyperion should descend from his eloquent discussion of the last 'awpewah,' 'swahwa,' or 'hawp,' and notice the little fellow,—then the sisterly demonstration is truly wonderful, and the astonished and delighted Willie runs back to mother, saying, 'Sissy was weal dood to me, mamma, I likes to stay in the parlor.'

"That is not fiction, Carrie, as your uncle William will tell you."

"Why, Aunt Em! I hope you are not describing yourself," interrupted Carrie, holding up both hands in amazement, the stocking drawn over one, the darning needle in the other.

"A young lady," continued her aunt, dislikes utility above anything else. She embroiders a little, if quite sure that the article embroidered can be put to no practical use; but plain sewing and housework she utterly detests.

She says she never will marry, but that is only to conceal the sharp hook with which she hopes to catch her gold fish some day.

"Is that enough, Carrie?"

"I think it is, Aunt Em; but I know you don't mean me, for it is not like me a bit."

"No," replied her aunt, "I do not think it is, nor do I think that your description of old maid quite applies to me."

"You, auntie!" exclaimed Carrie, "why! I never thought of such a thing. I don't think—I mean I forgot that—that—."

"That, Aunt Em, was an old maid, my dear. Do not hesitate. The application does not annoy me."

"You couldn't think I meant you. It was only nonsense, anyway," said Carrie penitently.

"Of course not, Carrie, nor do I think you meant any one in particular, nor even the class of old maids in general—at least your description did not apply to them, as you said it was only nonsense,, or for ridicule. Now do you think it right to hold up to ridicule any worthy class of community?

"But you take so sober a view of just a little fun," Carrie said, not quite willing to lay down her arms.

"Because I am anxious that you should have a correct view of old maids, that you may not be inclined to throw yourself away by marrying some scape grace, for fear of being one. I am confident that many unhappy marriages are the result of this foolish dread, which some young girls have of being called an old maid."

"I must confess to that," said Carrie. "I should hate to be called an old maid."

"You mean that you would dislike to be ridiculed," replied her aunt. "That is not unnatural; but, if in the Providence of God, you should be obliged to choose between an unsuitable marriage and living a single life, would you not be wise in choosing the latter? Could you maintain your self-respect in choosing the former, especially if your prevailing motive were to escape being called an old maid?"

"But I hope for better things, Aunt Em."

"I hope for better things for you Carrie. I say better, because I think it is better to marry, if you can marry well—well, I mean as regards those qualities of heart and intellect, which command affection and respect.

"If you do not have the opportunity of marrying a man whom you thoroughly esteem, and to whom you can give your whole heart, you will be happier in remaining unmarried, for the simple reason that one is happier in doing right than wrong."

"It does very well, auntie, while girls are young, or any time till they are sixty or so, but then just think of it—to live all alone with a cat, and be all wrinkled up, and not have anybody glad to see you. Oh! oh!" and Carrie fairly shivered at the thought.

"As to wrinkles," was the reply, "your own observation must teach you, that they come rather earlier in married than in single life. As to living with a cat, that is optional, as is also the not having friends glad to see you. You remember what Whittier says of his maiden aunt:

> 'Welcome wheresoe'er she went,
> A calm and gracious element;
> Her presence seemed the sweet income
> And womanly atmosphere of home!'

There are many such, Carrie; and I say, with Whittier at the close of this beautiful tribute:

> "Be shame to him of woman born,
> Who hath for such but thought of scorn!"

"You are rather severe, auntie, still you may be right. I think you are nice, but then you are not so very old."

"Thirty-nine," aunt Em said, smiling.

"But you, really, do not look so old," Carrie said with a vague idea that consolatory words were needed. "Your face is full, and your cheeks are pink, and your eyes look pleasant. No one would ever suspect that you were an old maid, and I cannot imagine how you ever came to be."

"I suppose I am to understand that last remark as an invitation to tell my experience, which I will do after tea, if you would like to hear it."

"That is delightful," said Carrie with enthusiasm. "The stockings are done too. Now I will help mother get supper."

With this she disappeared, good, industrious girl that she was, and left her aunt to "call up her girlhood's memories."

"Would it not be better," said 'Aunt Em,' when the family had assembled in the parlor after tea, "for me to write my story? It may not be entertaining to any one but yourself."

"Oh! no, auntie," Carrie said, "I have been expecting to hear it this evening, and hurried up the dishes that I might have plenty of time."

Mr. Clinton assured them that it would not interrupt his reading, and Mrs. Clinton said she should enjoy listening to the story herself, as her sister had never told her love affairs.

With this permission, Miss Freer commenced.

"When I was not quite a year old, my mother died, and a year from that time, my father married your grandmother, Carrie, then a young and pretty girl. She took excellent care of me until your mother was born; then my grandmother, my mother's mother, claimed me, and with her I remained until her death four years ago. She was one of the kindest, gentlest, and loveliest women I ever knew; and loved me so dearly that she indulged every whim, and cared for me as tenderly as though I had been an invalid or babe.

"While we lived in a large village where I could have daily excitement, the society of my young friends and the few hours spent in the academy each day, something, in short, to occupy my mind and time, my grandmother's plan worked very well; or, rather, I did not show the ill effects of it as I did when we moved into a country place, on a farm, and a mile from our nearest neighbor.

"There was no school, excepting the one for the district, which

I regarded as entirely beneath my notice, although I was not over wise even for fourteen, and the teacher was a sensible, well educated woman.

"The farmer lads and lasses, I regarded as not on an equality with myself, though I have since thought that were such the case they were much to be pitied.

"I knew nothing about work, and grandmother always said, when I offered my assistance in kitchen or dairy, that while young I ought to enjoy myself, that I would be obliged to work hard enough by and by. Thus thrown on my own resources, and, unfortunately, not having any, I moped idly about until I made a great discovery in the garret of a barrel of old newspapers and magazines full of stories, and several old novels in torn, yellow covers.—How I revelled in those romances! I became so completely absorbed in the terrific adventures and marvelous escapes of my heroes and heroines that I lost interest in everything else; went about in morning wrappers and slippers, hair down or twisted into a frouzly knot with a hair pin; took no exercise, and as a natural consequence of so unnatural a mode of living, lost my appetite and gradually my strength, until I became so thin and pale and languid, that grandmother became alarmed, and sent for Dr. Lathrop, an excellent physician, and a sensible straightforward man.

He came, and after the few stereotyped questions, said:

"What time in the morning do you rise?"

"About eight," I replied hesitatingly.

"She has been so poorly, doctor," said grandmother apologetically.

"What do you do all day after you get up?" continued the doctor, noticing neither my reply nor grandmother's apology, save by an emphatic 'umph!'

"I don't do much but read," I answered, for I could not think of the regular, daily performance of a single duty.

"What is the character of your reading?" he asked; history? or novels? or scientific works?

"Under this close questioning, it all at once flashed upon me, what an idle, useless life, I had led, and I felt heartily ashamed of myself; but seeing no other way than to answer his questions, I told him about my barrel in the garret, and its precious contents, and in compliance with his request, even brought him one of the sensational novels. I shall never forget my mortification, when I saw the look of disgust come into his face as he turned the leaves, and glanced over a few pages. Laying down the book he looked toward grandmother, and said, 'my prescription for this child is that she have something to do, out door exercise, and a bonfire made out of this barrel of nonsense.'

"He arose to go, but seeing grandmother's troubled face and the tears in my eyes, he added that if this prescription did no good, he would come again and open his saddle bags.

Grandmother commenced upon his plan, but how long she would have continued I do not kdow, for, very soon after the doctor's visit, I received a letter from father, saying he would like to have me come home for a visit."

"How well I remember that!" interrupted Mrs. Clinton.

"Father and mother were so troubled about you, for grandmother had written that she had feared you were going into a decline, and I was so delighted to have you come and see our wonderful baby. Willie was only a year old, I was thirteen, and you, sixteen, Emma."

"How odd it seems," Carrie said, "to hear you and Aunt Em. talk about being girls."

"It seems but a very little while since then," replied Mrs. Clinton.

"Only twenty three years," said Aunt Em, and resumed her narration.

"Change of scene and the excitement of city life, wrought the good work which Dr. Lathrop had expected from his prescription, and was at that time a more palatable medicine. My health improved so rapidly, and I seemed so happy and contented, that grandmother was quite willing to have my visit extended to six months, and then, at father's suggestion and my earnest entreaty, consented to my returning, after a short visit at home, to enter school. This I did, but my progress in study was slow. So much reading which required no mental effort, had made me mentally indolent, and rendered it almost impossible for me to concentrate my thoughts upon any subject. But I endured the study for the sake of being where I could have my daily food,—excitement.

"Mother had attempted to make me industrious and orderly, as she had done my sister Carrie, but did not succeed very well, I am ashamed to say. I lived solely for my own enjoyment. I loved my sister, but fancied because she was three years younger than myself, that I could not enjoy her society. I loved Willie too, dear little fellow! but he was too much trouble.

"I remember one evening when Mr. Rich called upon me, Willie

came and peeped through the parlor door which was ajar. I shook my head at him, but he pushed the door open and came in.

"'Willie's all clean,' he said, looking wistfully into my face and smoothing his clean, white apron with his little fat hands. Possibly, my selfish heart would have yielded to his winning manner, even if Mr. Rich had said nothing, but he seemed greatly pleasod with the child, and talked so pleasantly to him, that I became quite gracious myself, and, when the child ran out at the call of his mother, had the satisfaction of hearing him say, 'O, mamma, sissy was weal dood to me; I likes to tay in the parlor.'

"'I think I have heard that before,' said Carrie. "Then Mr. Hyperion and Mr. Rich were one and the same, and you (I can hardly believe it) were that miserable young lady whose picture you drew this afternoon. You must have been sent to that mill where father used to say naughty girls and boys could be 'ground over.'"

"I certainly needed grinding over. But do not interrupt me, Carrie, for I have now come to that portion of my story, in which you have the depest interest.

"Mr. Rich was the first gentleman who had ever called upon me regularly, and, as he was faultless in personal appearance, a fine dancer, a willing escort to concerts, lectures and hops, and was considered, in every way, as the most desirable beau in our circle. I was very much flattered by his attentions. He corresponded with the senseless heroes of my romance-world, hence I was satisfied, though even then I had sufficient good sense to wonder, occasionally, how any man could talk so much and say so little. But he 'made a little go a great ways,' not only in ideas, but as regarded his finances, I afterwards learned.

"Matters were very near the grand crisis before my busy father knew anything about it; and, indeed, so rapidly had they progressed, that mother had not thought of a serious termination, particularly, as I was only seventeen and yet in school.

"Mr. Rich knew that he was not at all to father's taste, therefore proposed an elopement; and I, foolishly romantic, embraced the idea at once, delighted to follow in the steps of some of my heroines.

"The plan was for Mr. Rich to meet me with a carriage at a certain point on my way home from school; drive out to his sister's in the country where the ceremony would be performed; thence to grandmother's whom we would persuade to write a propitiatory letter, with which we would return to father. Fortunately, however,

'The best laid plans of mice and men,
Gang aft agley.'"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An Allegory.

In the family of flowers, did you ever notice what a contrast there is in the personal appearance of its members?

How bold and haughty are some; how timid and modest are others, abashed at the forwardness of their dashing brothers and sisters!

For example, see with what assurance the Tulips hold forth their beautiful, painted cups, to receive, without ever a word of thanks, the clear sparkling water which Mr. Dew kindly brings.

I remember a little incident that happened one evening, in their home, after Mr. Dew had made his nightly round, and not only quenched their thirst, but left in their cups a generous supply of cooling drink for the wants of the coming day.

Mischeivous Wind, who, through his thoughtlessness, seems to be ever getting some one into trouble, appeared to be in one of his gayest moods, that evening; and tripping lightly by one of the Miss Tulips, overturned her cups, showering the contents upon her modest little sister, Snowdrop, who had just closed her eyes for a good night's sleep.

Being thus awakened from her repose, she looked up in such startled surprise that the Tulips were so convulsed with laughter at the frightened appearance of their little sister that they fairly bent their bodies to the ground; while fun loving Wind seeing what he had done, gave one shrill whistle, and then hastened away.

As I witnessed this unkind, ungenerous act, I could not help thinking that this was only another illustration of the fact that persons possessed of so much boldness and selfconceit have generally but little sympathy for those who are in trouble; and are often found wanting in true politeness.

Their rude conduct only increased the confusion of Snowdrop who, as the blinding tears rushed to her eyes, longed for some retreat where she might hide from the bold gaze and rude treatment of her haughty, and unkind brothers and sisters.

While thus undecided which way to turn, Mr. Wind, looking on from a distance, saw the dilemma in which, by his thoughtlessness, the unobtrusive little Snowdrop was placed, and felt sorry for his mischievousness.

While contemplating some way in which he could make amends for his misdoings, the moon, emerging from behind her thick veil of cloud, revealed to him Brown Leaf, a delicate little maiden who, being weary, had lain down on the rich matting of grass, and fallen asleep.

Gently shaking this sleeping maiden, he aroused her from her slumber, and told her how, through his love of fun, he had wounded the feelings of Snowdrop; and asked her, provided he will conduct her safely thither, if she will shield the sensitive little

Snowdrop from the ungenerous treatment of the haughty Tulips.

Brown Leaf having passed through many trials, and knowing the true worth of sympathy readily consented to do all in her power to remove any unpleasant feelings, and console the sorrowful Snowdrop.

Wind, thus assured of her willingness to comply with his request, takes her in his strong arms and tenderly carries her to the side of Snowdrop, and without making any explanation or giving any formal introduction hastens off whistling his good night song.

At first, our modest little Snowdrop, Diffidence, having whispered something in her ear, is inclined to mistrust Brown Leaf who appears not to notice it; and, wishing to draw the attention of Snowdrop from her griefs, commences telling her history—where she came from, and how she happened to be called BrownLeaf.

Snowdrop, is so interested in this history that ere it is finished all her troubles are forgotten; and, dropping her head upon the breast of her friend, sweetly sleeps until the break of day, when she is awakened by the movements of Brown Leaf, who, having fulfilled her promise, is making preparations to start on her journey.

Just as Snowdrop, having forgiven and forgotten the unkindness that caused her grief of the past evening, lifted her head to greet the smiles of the morning, and receive the kiss of reconciliation from Wind, a gentleman of wealth passed by, and being pleased with her delicate and modest appearance, removed her to his elegant mansion, where, as an example of modesty and chastity, she occupies a high position in one of his elegantly furnished rooms.

But let us again look at the proud Tulips. We find that soon after their sister Snowdrop had been taken from their midst, Wind, indignant at their rude conduct, passed over their dwelling and not only dashed their beautiful painted cups into a thousand pieces, but compelled them to bow low in the dust.

Possessed with but little, if any, stability of character, they were unable to rise above the low position to which they had been brought, and were doomed during the rest of their existence to be regarded as inferior by those whom hitherto they had scorned.

MORAL.—"He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

"Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

THE OREAD.

MOUNT CARROLL, ILLINOIS:
JANUARY, 1869.

Editorial Committee for Jan. No.

—o—

Miss NELLIE CHARLES,
" WINONA BRANCH,
" MATTIE HARVEY.

—o—

Address all Communications to Financial Manager of The Oread.

SALUTATORY.

Many greetings! Patrons, Teachers, Schoolmates, all, as the New Year dawns upon us.

The past year has had much of pleasure, and, at its departure, leaves us with hearts full of sweet rememberances; but each passing year leads us farther from the shores of childhood, enlarging our sphere of action, and bringing greater cares as well as deeper joys,

We are a band of Oread Sisters, and though, like the nymphs of mystical love, we are happy in our mountain home; like them, we shall occasionally pay flying visits to the outer world scattering flowers as we go;—not rich exotics of hot house cultivation, but fresh and simple blossoms from minds yet free from contact with the world.

Bits of humor, fantastic visions, and earnest truth, we shall endeavor to give you from time to time, trusting that the career of the Oread may, like that of the eagle, be ever "onward and upward."

THE OREAD.

In issuing the first number of *The Oread*, we would say to the former subscribers to the *Seminary Bell*, to old pupils, patrons, and to our friends generally, that though in a new garb and with a changed name, we are the same old friend, and shall expect a friendly welcome.

The object in view and the earnest effort are the same, and equally commend themselves to the careful attention and cordial support of all who are interested in intellectual cultivation.

We expect not only *good wishes*, but practical effort and liberal contributions. Shall we be disappointed?

Let not the *old pupils* disregard this call from their Alma Mater. In the OREAD she speaks to you, calling to your rememberance the days that are gone, when you found in her the friend wise to counsel and instruct; and who made even the ways of earthly wisdom, "ways of pleasantness and paths of peace." Think of the past; then will the old love for your foster-mother rekindle in your hearts, and you will respond to her appeal with generous words and more generous acts.

To former patrons and subscribers, we need only say that what the *Bell* was in the past THE OREAD will be in the future, and as much more and better as we can make it. Please remember that every evidence of interest and appreciation from our friends, will be seen in our paper, inasmuch as it is easy to work under the influence of the encouraging thought that labor is appreciated.

To Publishers, we would appeal in behalf of the *Students' Reading Room*, first opened by the Neosophic Society in 1859, but now under the direction of the OREAD SOCIETY.

This is a very valuable accessory to the established methods of education. It calls the mind from philosophical principles and abstruse reasoning to the living, thinking, acting world—affording mental relaxation while storing the memory with useful facts.

We, already, have some valuable exchanges, but, like poor "Oliver," they are so good that we want some "more."

One word for ourselves. We

prefer to have our deeds the test of our merit, but will say that no effort shall be spared to make our little sheet both entertaining and instructive.

PROFESSOR FORY.

We were glad, a few days since, to welcome among us Professor Fory of Beaufort S. C., formerly of the Chicago University.

The Professor endowed with a large heart and philanthropic nature is no drone in the moral world, but is ever on the alert to do something to elevate the human family and further moral and intellectual progress; consequently, we were, not at all surprised to learn of his removal from The City of the West to his sea-girt home, where he is engaged in the laudable work of improving the condition of the lately down trodden Blacks.

The Professor's ideas concerning them are somewhat unique, and by some might be regarded as a little visionary; however this may be, the labors of one so thoughtfuly in earnest in such a cause, cannot fail to yield a rich harvest.

On leaving the dining hall, the school assembled in the lecture room, to listen to a short address from the Professor, in which he sketched hastily the geography of the south; the social, moral, and intellectual condition of the people, dwelling, upon the colored portion in whose education his sympathies have been enlisted.

He grew quite enthusiastic, even eloquent, while speaking of the peculiar mission that he believes the poor degraded sons of Africa are yet destined to fulfill. "Did you ever think?" he inquired, "that nine tenths of the inhabitants of the globe are colored people! and that the Blacks, on account of their religions zeal and tropical natures, are peculiarly adapted to labor as missionaries in those climes so fatal to the white man; and their color, which is here such a curse to them, will there prove to be a blessing.

Professor Fory is expending his energies in founding a Young Men's College for the Blacks with a view to the education of many of them for missonaries.

In closing his remarks, he earnestly invited the attention of the young ladies to the South as a field of labor, saying that the education of the Freedmen is a noble work and one that demands the best talent and education.

May the Professor live to see his brightest anticipation realized, and may many yet "rise up and call him blessed."

"MERRY CHRISTMAS! MERRY CHRISTMAS!" How, all over the land, it has been shouted by gleeful, happy children; and spoken more gently, though none the less heartily, by the older and more sedate! What a merry, rejoicing ring it has, like the tinkling of sleigh-bells!

Merry Christmas! Yes; we had a Merry Christmas, every one of us; and we saw Santa Claus too—not, merely a glimpse of him as he was decending or ascending the chimneys, but we had a cozy morning *visit* with him. The dear old man! How tired he appeared to be, and yet how full of mirth and kindly feeling!

Every member of our household from attic to basement, was in the Library, and in our midst was Santa Claus, sitting in an arm chair, and bundled up in true Greenland style, though the air was tropical for temperature, while all around and upon him were articles useful beautiful and rare, for general distribution.

Time would fail me were I to attempt an enumeration of them all. His felt hat was festooned with watch chains, and shoulders and lap were laden with tidies, portfolios, slippers, breakfast-shawls, books, and various packages, the contents of which afforded delight and sometimes amusement to the recipient.

On the tables around him were artistically arranged (I am sure *Mrs.* Santa Claus did that herself) many beautiful things. Among the articles in silver, was a set of spoons and a napkin ring for our housekeeper, Miss Ellen Espie, which were rather suggestive of house keeping on a smaller scale sometime in the future.

Silver forks and napkin rings were distributed to others, and to each teacher a fruit knife and nut-pick, the value of which was greatly enhanced by the fact of their being gifts from the Principals, who, in turn received a cake basket from the teachers, which is quite a wonder in its way, somewhat like the famed cruse of oil, insomuch as, while standing on the Library table, it is constantly imparting something, yet never diminishing.

A beautiful Bohemian sett for Mrs. Shimer and a pair of exquisite vaces and a heavy but plain gold ring for Miss Gregory, from Miss Hull; an artist's case, a pearl card case fit for a mermaid, a landscape painting in oil, other articles of jewelry, delicate vases, tidies, &c., also for the Principals—all attested to the affection and esteem which are, after all, their best reward for unremitting care and labor.

Miss Mason, the principal Music Teacher and Miss Hull, who has charge of the Gymnastic exercises, each received from their respective classes a pair of gold bands for the wrist which are, both in form and material, appropriate emblems of the enduring regard of the donors.

Combining *utile et dulce*, Miss Case's music class presented her with that epitome of "all knowledge human and divine which thought can reach or science can define," viz.: Webster's Unabridged Dictionary; and Miss Burt received from her Painting class a portfolio of Turkey morocco furnished with a gold pen and holder.

For Rev. C. K. Colver there fell out of this huge "horn of plenty," a tasteful and comfortable dressing gown and a pair of slippers.

Miss Mason's gift from the Principals was enough to make *any* one suddenly fond of writing letters. It was a beautiful rose-wood writing desk, inlaid with pearl, and completely furnished with everything that the most fastidious writer could desire.

We all decided at once that rose-wood writing desks were quite essential to one's happiness.

All of the teachers and, in fact, every member of the household, shared in this general and generous giving of good gifts; and Santa Claus took with him when he left us, our most hearty thanks and best wishes.

May he return to us in '69, and find hearts as joyous as ours, though they be not the same, and everywhere may he make as merry a Christmas as he made for us, in Mount Carroll Seminary.

☞We clip the following form "The Badger State Banner." As Thomas was for years a member of this Institution, he will be remembered by *many* of the old pupils, who will be interested in knowing of his whereabouts and prosperity. He has recently established himself in business at Black River Falls, Wis., as will be seen by his business card in another column.

Most heartily do we extend to friend Thomas our congratulations and good wishes. We are truly pleased to know he has made so happy a choice in a companion for life. If, as we believe is the case, the compliments of "The Badger State Banner" Editor are as worthily bestowed upon Mrs. M. as *we know* them to be upon her husband, we have no doubt of their future happiness and prosperity.

McCracken—Hawley.—At the residence of the bride's parents, in Black River Falls, Dec. 12th, by Rev. W. B. Hazeltine, Mr. Thomas McCracken, of the firm of H. Searl & Co., Augusta, Wis., and Miss Mary E. Hawley, only daughter of L. M. Hawley, of the firm of A. Kendall & Co., of this place.

The party on the occasion was one of the pleasantest we ever had the pleasure of attending. It was conducted just to our notion—with a display of sense and an entire absence of affectation and nonsense. Mr. McCracken is one of the most promising, energetic merchants and business men in this section. Mrs M. is one of earth's substantials. Such a couple will make the journey one of joy and gladness to themselves and those around them. May Heaven's choicest gifts be showered upon their life's long road, is the wish of this deponent.

We all unite in thanking Mr. and Mrs. Hawley for a generous supply of the delicious wedding cake.

India Correspondence.

Nowgong, Assam, India,
June 23d, 1868.

Mrs. F. A. W. Shimer, Cor. Sec. of Missionary Society of Mount Carroll Seminary:

My Dear Sister—Your very kind favor of March 30th came duly to hand; and I need not tell you the information it contained was a source of joy and encouragement to us. We herewith send our hearty thanks to each member of the Society for their kind rememberance of our work in offering to take one of our Mikir boys under their patronage. Our Heavenly Father has been pleased to give us many tokens of His love since we gave ourselves to His work among the heathen, not the least of which has been the sympathy and assistance of friends in our dear native land. May the Saviour's blessing rest richly upon you as individuals and as a Society; and if consistent with His wise purposes may we be permitted to welcome some of you as fellow laborers in the Assam Mission!

We have now about thirty young men and boys in our Normal School. When the cold season comes on, we shall send them out to tell their friends and relations on the mountains of all that they have learned while with us. Those who have become Christians will tell every where the story of Jesus' redeeming love; those who have not, will teach the boys and girls of their several villages to read and write, and when the hot season sets in again they will most of them, if not all, gather around us again to reconnt their work and its results, bringing boys who have been under their instructions, that they may be farther instructed by us. The Mikir girls too are showing a desire to learn and we have already a class under instruction while four others have made application to be received. Next year we may have to beg our friends at home for aid in teaching these girls. Our young men are saying to us, "How can we marry the ignorent mountain girls? there will be no sympathy, congeniality and consequently no happiness." And so they are begging us to take the girls to whom they are betrothed, and teach them of our holy religion and to read write and sew. (You are aware that in this country boys and girls are betrothed when eight or ten years old marry the Hindoos when two years old). Brothers are begging us that their sisters may be taught, and we know not how to refuse them. Mr. Scott baptized two young men last Sabbath. Six were baptized by Bro. Bronson just before he left for America, making in all eight who have been baptzed since our arrival. Last Wednesday evening three arose for prayers. Thus the Lord is pleased to bless our week endeavors for the salvation of this people. Remember us dear friends, in prayer daily that we may have grace given us for each days labor and trial. The heat is fearful now and very trying to strength and health. The Thermometer at 95°, in the shade, and the nights of almost equal

temperature with the days. We have selected a boy of good promise as your protege. His native name is Jorso to which we have added the name given by you, so that on the School Roll he answers at the call of Jorso Carroll. He has only been in school a short time, but is learning fast and we hope will be able to write you a letter in the native language before a great while. You will unite your prayers with ours, that he may soon become savingly acquainted with the great truths of the christain religion. "Carroll's" age is about fifteen. He is the son of a mountain chief and should he become a christian might wield a powerful influence for good among his people. With renewed expressions of gratitude for your timely aid, and with our united kind regards to each member of your Society, I remain,

Yours in christian labor,

ANNIE KAY SCOTT.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

The January number of the "Atlantic Monthly" comes to us freighted with rich stores of fresh, deep and vigorous thought, from new fields of intellectual research. The publishers have made good their pledges to the public, by giving from month to month, articles from the ablest writers in the country, upon subjects at once the most interesting and important. Those social, scientific political and literary questions that are continually pressing themselves upon the attention of the public are here discussed by contributors, who, for special talent in their different departments, are unsurpassed.

THE NATION,

Weekly, $5,00 per annum. Address Publishers of THE NATION, Box 6732, New York.

In politics, wide awake, independent, earnest, national;—in criticism, discriminating, minute, out-spoken, bold;—in all departments intelligent, instructive, suggestive:—a welcome exchange.

☞A husband can readily foot the bills of a wife who is not afraid of being seen footing the stockings of her husband.

OUR NEW ORGAN.

Yes, *our* new Organ; for we set up a claim to every thing introduced here for our use and improvement. The new Organ is of course more especially for the use of the music classes, but then we all derive pleasure from the music.

The Principals have just received one of the "American Organs," manufactured by S. D. & H. W. Smith, Boston. It is truly a magnificent instrument, one of their largest and best, as we judge from the sound of it, which has been thundering in our ears ever since its advent in the Reception Room; the last twelve hours. The fine Knabe Piano standing on the opposite side of the room, so long the admired of every listener, seems to be dumb before this new claimant of favor. The ancient "*Prince* Organ," so long, and justly too, a favorite with us, seems quite overcome, judging by its faint voice, compared with the "Smith American Organ."

The new Organ has a large number of stops, giving great variety, beauty and power to the tone of the instrument. It is capable of producing such a volume of tone as to be effectively used in oratorio performances for the support of two hundred voices. As a piece of furniture it is truly ornamental, being of solid black-walnut, with raised panels, handsome trimmings, (oil polish,) gilt engraving, &c., surmounted with an elegant Pipe-Organ Top and Gilt Pipes. The unanimous exclamation is "how beautiful!"

Finally, the current topic of the day, is the new accession to the music department; little else can be seen, heard or talked of just now, and we all agree that when we "set up for ourselves," we will consider our establishment complete only when we have one of Smith's American Organs, with Pipe-Organ Top and Gilt Pipes, just like our new Seminary Organ.

OBITUARY.

DIED, at twelve o'clock, midnight, December 31, 1868, the Old Year.

His life was full of incident, activity, and hope with its disappointment and fruition.

He brought our country safely through the Fall elections, setting at naught the prophecies of the cautious and fearful.

He crowned us with the garlands of June and sheaves of Autumn.

By him we were led, individually, one stage farther on our journey homeward. Sometimes by thorny ways, but where the roses were not wanting; sometimes in shadow, sometimes in light, he led us on; and now we stand by his grave. *His* grave? Yes, and the grave of many, many of our hopes—ay, and of our loved ones. There they lie—blue eyes, laughing lips and sunny hair, the willing heart and faithful hand;—all buried with him under the snow.

Let the tear fall—let the requiem be sung; then, with brave, hopeful hearts, let us welcome the New Year, remembering that soon Time himself will lie down to die; and then shall be ushered in the glorious year of Eternity.

"WOMAN'S RIGHTS."—The House of Representatives in Congress did a just thing, and sustained "woman's rights," in voting that all females in the employ of the Government should receive the same pay as males when they perform the same services. We hope the Senate will concur with the House, and that this "reform" may be put into operation at once.

SANTA CLAUS.

The dear, jolly, warm-hearted old fellow! How I love him! and how I have always loved him since that Christmas morning years agone, when, in my baby stockings, I found a cunning India-rubber doll,—a doll that could be squeezed and kissed and tossed about without any fear of fracturing its skull, but which, alas! soon lost its fresh complexion, and in its cracked and wrinkled black skin, looked much like Barnum's modern edition of Joyce Heth.

In fact, I think I like him better even than when I was a child, for now I know how many hearts are cheered by his coming.

I wish that I knew where he lived. Will any one tell me? I would go and spend the summer with him sometime—not for his sugar plums, but because I should like to *advise* him a little about his Christmas presents.

I would tell him of the hundreds and hundreds of pale, puny, ragged and wretched children, to whom Christmas is no more than any other day; who look longingly at the toys and candy, and all the beauty and joy around them, with a vague wonder in their sorrowful little hearts, why it is that they are cold and hungry all the year with never a Christmas-day.

If Santa Claus' merry eyes *can* do anything but twinkle with fun, I am sure he would cry at my story; and then how we would work all the summer time, putting up packages of goodies, and warm comforters, mittens and stockings, and books with nice stories and pictures,—all for these little ones!

But I do not know where he lives; and, even, could I catch a glimpse of him at Christmas time, and ask him about it, instead of answering, or giving me his card, I presume he would just whistle to his rein-deer, and be off in a trice. That is his abrupt way; but I like him right well, and just as well as though he never, by some oversight, carried my package by or lost it on the way.

HOW CHROMOS ARE MADE.

CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHY is the art of printing pictures from stone, in colors. The most difficult branch of it—which is now generally implied when chromos are spoken of—is the art of reproducing oil paintings. When a chromo is made by a competent hand, it presents an exact counterpart of the original painting, with the delicate gradations of tints and shades, and with much of the spirit and tone of a production of the brush and pallet.

To understand how chromos are made, the art of lithography must first be briefly explained. The stone used in lithographing is a species of limestone found in Bavaria, and is wrought into thick slabs with finely polished surface. The drawing is made upon the slab with a sort of colored soap, which adheres to the stone, and enters into a chemical combination with it after the application of certain acids and gums. When the drawing is complete the slab is put on the press, and carefully dampened with a sponge. The oil color (or ink) is then applied with a common printer's roller. Of course the parts of the slab which contain no drawing, being wet, resist the ink; while the drawing itself, being oily, resists the water, but retains the color applied. It is thus that, without a raised surface or incision—as in common printing, wood cuts and steel engravings—lithography produces drawings from a perfectly smooth stone.

In a chromo, the first proof is a light ground tint, covering nearly all the surface. It has only a faint shadowy resemblance to the completed picture. It is in fact rather a shadow than an outline. The next proof from the second stone, contains all the shades of another color. This process is repeated again and again and again; occasionally as often as thirty times. We saw one proof, in a visit to Mr. Prang's establishment,—a group of cattle,—that had passed through the press twelve times; and it still bore a greater resemblance to a spoiled colored photograph than to the charming picture which it subsequently became. The number of impressions, however, does not indicate the number of colors in a painting, because the colors and tints are greatly multiplied by combinations created in the process of printing one over another. In twenty-five impressions, it is sometimes necessary and possible to produce a hundred distinct shades.

The last impression is made by an engraved stone, which produces that resemblance to canvass noticeable in all of Mr. Prang's fine specimens.—English and German chromos, as a rule, do not attempt to give this delicate fine touch, although it would seem essential in order to make a perfect imitation of a painting.

The paper used is white, heavy "plate paper," of the best quality, which has to pass through a heavy press, sheet by sheet, before its surface is fit to receive an impression.

The process thus briefly explained, we need hardly add, requires equally great skill and judgment at every stage. A single error is instantly detected by the practiced eye in the finished specimen. The production of a chromo, if it is at all complicated, requires several months—sometimes several years—of careful preparation. The mere drawing of the different and entirely detached parts on so many different stones is of itself a work that requires an amount of labor and a degree of skill, which, to a person unfamiliar with the process, would appear incredible. Still more difficult, and needing still greater skill, is the process of coloring. This de-

mands a knowledge which artists have hitherto exclusively monopolized, and in addition to it, the practical familiarity of a printer with practical details. "Drying" and "registering" are as important branches of the art of making chromos as drawing and coloring. On proper registering, for example, the entire possibility of producing a picture at every stage of its progress depends. "Registering" is that part of a pressman's work which consists in so arranging the paper in press, that it shall receive the impression on exactly the same spot of every sheet. In book work, each page must be exactly opposite the page printed on the other side of the sheet, in order that the impression, if on thin paper, may not "show through." In newspaper work this is of less importance, and often is not attended to with any special care. But in chromo-lithography the difference of a hair's-breadth would spoil a picture; for it would hopelessly mix up the colors.

After the chromo has passed thro' the press, it is embossed and varnished, and then put up for the market.—These final processes are for the purpose of breaking the glossy light, and of softening the hard outlines which the picture receives from the stone, which imparts to it the resemblance of a painting on canvass.

Mr. Prang began his business in the humblest way, but has rapidly increased his establishment, until he now employs fifty workmen,—nearly all of them artists and artizans of the most skillfull class,—and is preparing to move into a larger building at Roxbury. He uses eighteen presses; and his sales are enormous. His catalogue now embraces a large number of Album Cards, about seventy sets of twelve in each set; a beautiful series of illuminated "Beatitudes" and "Scriptural Mottoes;" an endless list of our great men, and of men not so great; of juveniles, notably, a profusely illustrated edition of "Old Mother Hubbard;" and of half chromos and chromos proper. Tait's 'Chickens,' 'Ducklings,' and 'Quails' were the first chromos that met an instant and wide recognition. Nineteen thousand copies of the "Chickens" alone were sold. Bricher's "Early Autumn on Esopus Creek" is one of the best chromos ever made on a small scale. The "Bulfinch" and the 'Linnet" (after Cruikshank) are admirable. There are other chromos which are less successful, and one or two that are not successful at all; but they are nearly all excellent copies of the originals, with which the defects must be charged.

The chromos of Bricher's paintings are really wonderfully accurate.

Mr. Prang's masterpiece, however, is not yet published, although it is nearly ready for the market. It entirely surpasses all his previous efforts. It entirely surpasses all his previous efforts. It is Corregio's "MAGDALENA" and can hardly fail, we think, to command a quick sale and hearty recognition.

Like every modern discovery, chromo-lithography has its partisans and detractors,—those who claim for it impossible capabilities, and those who regard it as mere handicraft, which no skill can ever elevate into the dignity of an art. We do not care to enter into these disputes. Whether an art or a handicraft, chromo-lithography certainly *re*-produces charming little pictures vastly superior to any colored plates that we have had before; and it is, at least, clearly entitled to be regarded as a means of educating the popular taste, and thereby raising the natural ideal of art.

A correspondent looking at chromos from this point of view, thus indicates (it may be somewhat enthusiastically) their possible influence on the culture of the people:

"What the discovery of the art of printing did for the mental growth of the people, the art of chromo-lithograghy seems destined to accomplish for their æsthetic culture. Before types were first made, scholars and the wealthier classes had ample opportunities for study; for even when the Bibles were chained in churches, and copies of the Scriptures (then aptly so-styled) were worth a herd of cattle, there were large libraries accessible to the aristocracy of rank and mind. But they were guarded against the masses by the double doors of privilege and ignorance. A book possessed no attractions for a man who could not read the alphabet; and, because they were rare and hard to get at, he had no incitement to master their mysteries. Made cheap and common, the meanest peasant, in the course of a few generations, found solace for his griefs in the pages of the greatest authors of the times and of all time. Mental culture become possible for whole nations; and democracy, with its illimitable blessings gradually grew up under the little shadow of the first 'printer's proof.'

'Until within a quite recent period, art has been tendal in its associations. Galleries of priceless paintings, indeed, there have always been in certain favored cities and countries; but to the people, as a whole, they have been equally inaccessible and unappreciated, because no previous training had taught the community how to prize them. It was like Harvard College without the district school,—a planet without satelites, and too far removed from the world of the people for its light to shine in the cottage and in the homes of the masses.

"Now chromo-lithography, altho' still in its infancy, promises to diffuse not a love of art merely, among the people at large, but to disseminate the choicest masterpieces of art itself. It is art republicanized and naturalized in America. Its attempts hitherto have been comparatively unambitious; but it was not Homer and Plato that were first honored by the printing press. It was dreary catechisms of dreary creeds. So will it be with this new art. As the popular taste improves, the subjects will be worthier of an art which seeks to give back to mankind what has hitherto been confined to the few."

☞HORACE GREELEY purposes to write, during the year 1869, an elementary work on Political economy, wherein the policy of Protection to Home Industry will be explained and vindicated. This work will first be given to the public through successive issues of *The New York Tribune*, and will appear in all its editions—Daily, $10; Semi-Weekly, $4; Weekly, $2 per annum.

"HOME CIRCLE."

This is the title of a truly first-class literary paper to be commenced on the first day of January, 1869, by F. Gleason, the well-known publisher of Boston. The corps of contributors to the *Home Circle* will comprise the best writers of the present day.—It will not be limited to any class or district, but will cheer the homes and gladden the firesides of every station in the Union.—Besides the splendid illustrated stories of sea and land, adventures and anecdotes, etc., the *Home Circle* will contain several very interesting and instructive features, such as a weekly article on Health and Beauty, how to preserve the one and enhance the other; Etiquette of Courtship and Marriage; Etiquette for Ladies and Gentlemen; the Language of Flowers; Proverbs of all Nations; Illustroted Rebuses and Charades, &c. It will be just such a paper as any father, brother or friend would desire to introduce into their home circle for amusement and instruction. Each number will be elegantly illustrated with fine engravings and beautifully printed on clear, white paper, with new type. The *Home Circle* will be commenced with the unprecedented circulation of about half a million copies weekly,—a number which no paper in the world ever attained; and in order to maintain this enormous circulation and increase thereon, the publisher has at once put the price at the remarkably low figure of only $2 a year, although the *Home Circle* is as large and in many cases better and more interesting in every respect than any three dollar weekly paper published at the present time. The club prices will be $7 for four subscribers a year, and $15 for a club of ten, besides one gratis. One copy of the *Home Circle*, and one copy of *Gleason's Literary Companion*, one year, $4.50. The first number will be ready and for sale by all newsdealers in the United States as early as the 21st of December, for only five cents. Sample copies will be sent free to any one who wishes to see the paper, by addressing F. Gleason, 19 Summer street, Boston, Mass.

Any Paper publishing the above, in the editorial column, with this paragraph in full-faced type, shall receive the Home Circle in exchange for one year.

THE LADY'S FRIEND FOR JANUARY, 1869.

Never, perhaps, has there been published a more attractive number of a lady's magazine, than the January issue of *The Lady's Friend*. It leads off with a splendid illustration on steel, of a story by Miss Amanda M Douglas, "Chased by Wolves." Then we have a striking illustration of Mrs. Wood's novelet;—for "Roland Yorke, or, Done in Passion," a new and powerful story, by the famous author of "East Lynne," is commenced in the present number. In the large and brilliant Fashion Plate, the editor has given two examples of the "Grecian Bend," *as it is seen in Paris*—not for the imitation of her American readers, but to satisfy their curiosity, and also to prove that this is not, as many suppose, a Saratoga fashion, but one having the usual French origin. "Last Words," with poetry, is a beautiful engraving. There are also very many engravings devoted to lady's attire, and to the work-table, which the ladies can better appreciate than we can. The other literary matter is "Between Two," "Who was It, a Story of Planchette," "Where?" "Bridget's Romance" "The Event at Milford," novelties, editorials, &c. Published by Deacon & Peterson, 319 Walnut st, Philadelphia, at $2,50 a year, which also includes a large steel engraving. Four copies, $6. Eight, and one gratis, $12. *The Lady's Friend* and *The Saturday Evening Post*, and *one* engraving, $4.

THE PRAIRIE FARMER.

The *Prairie Farmer*, published at Chicago, is, since its enlargement, preeminently *the* paper for the farmers of the Northwest. It was the first established, it is the cheapest, the neatest, the most widely circulated, and the most reliable paper of its class published at the West.

It contains the most original matter, and in the greatest variety; displays the most enterprise in reporting, and is an acknowledged standard of authority; the contributors to its columns are among the very best in their several classes, that the country affords; its articles, without exception, are well and concisely written or carefully selected, and altogether it gives the best general satisfaction and is nearest to the hearts of its thousands of readers of any agricultural journal published in the Great West, and in no respect inferior to any in the United States. Let these statements be weighed by every prrson who thinks of taking an agricultural or family paper the coming year, and let it be remembered that while the price is only two dollars, the publishers furnish to every new subscriber, in addition, a copy of be *Prairie Farmer Annual* for 1869, which sells for 30 cents per copy, and is well worth twice that amount.

TILTON'S JOURNAL.

Tilton's Journal of Horticulture and Floral Magazine, published at Boston by Tilton & Co., is one of the best publications of the kind, which ever fell into our hands. Its articles on flowers and floral culture alone are worth more than the price of the magazine. Everything new and valuable in the way of fruits, vines, and valuable vegetables, are noticed as they take their place before the public. No intelligent fruit-grower, florist, or gardener can afford to do without this valuable monthly. In mechanical execution and illustrations of fruits and flowers, it stands unrivalled. The subscription price is three dollars per annum.

☞ Church, Goodman & Donnelley, of Chicago, have just published another book for the "Little Sunbeams"—"Nellie's Work for Jesus," by Dr. C. R. Blackall, who knows so well the way to the heart of childhood. It is a little poem which tells in a charming way, how earnestly, humbly, and successfully a little child worked for Jesus.

Let the teachers in Sabbath Schools place this book in the hands of their younger pupils. It will not only give them pleasure, but may be the means of leading them, like "Nellie," to love, and "work for Jesus."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Ladies' Repository.

A General Literary and Religious Magazine for the Family.

Each number contains eighty superroyal octavo pages, double column; printed on the finest calendered paper, and is embellished with two original Steel Engravings, in the highest style of art, and several first class illustrations. For amount and quality of reading matter, for mechanical execution and illustration, the Repository stands high among the best magazines published in the country. It is issued in two volumes per year, commencing in January and July. Terms: Three Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum, or One Dollar and Seventy-Five Cents per Volume, invariably in advance. No subscriptions received for less than one entire volume.

This periodical is published monthly at Cincinnati and New York. All traveling preachers of the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents. Cash in advance will be expected in all cases. This can be paid to any of our authorized agents, who can order it to be charged to their account, if not convenient to remit. All communications containing remittances or subscriptions should be addressed to the Publishers; those designed for publication to the Editor, at Cincinnati.

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THE GREAT NATIONAL
RURAL, LITERARY & FAMILY WEEKLY

VOL. XX. FOR 1869,
VASTLY ENLARGED AND IMPROVED!

The Rural New-Yorker long known as the Leading and Largest-Circulat Newspaper of its Class on the Continent, will commence its *Twentieth* Year and Volume, January 2, 1869, when it will be published on a Mammoth Sheet comprising SIXTEEN LARGE DOUBLE QUARTO PAGES of five columns each and also greatly improved in its contents and appearance. This will make the paper about double its former size, with no increase in price! Its will embrace Departments treating upon

Agriculture,	*Literature,*
Horticulture,	*Education,*
Rural Architecture,	*Science and Art,*
Sheep Husbandry,	*New Inventions,*
Cotton Culture,	*Domestic Economy,*
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